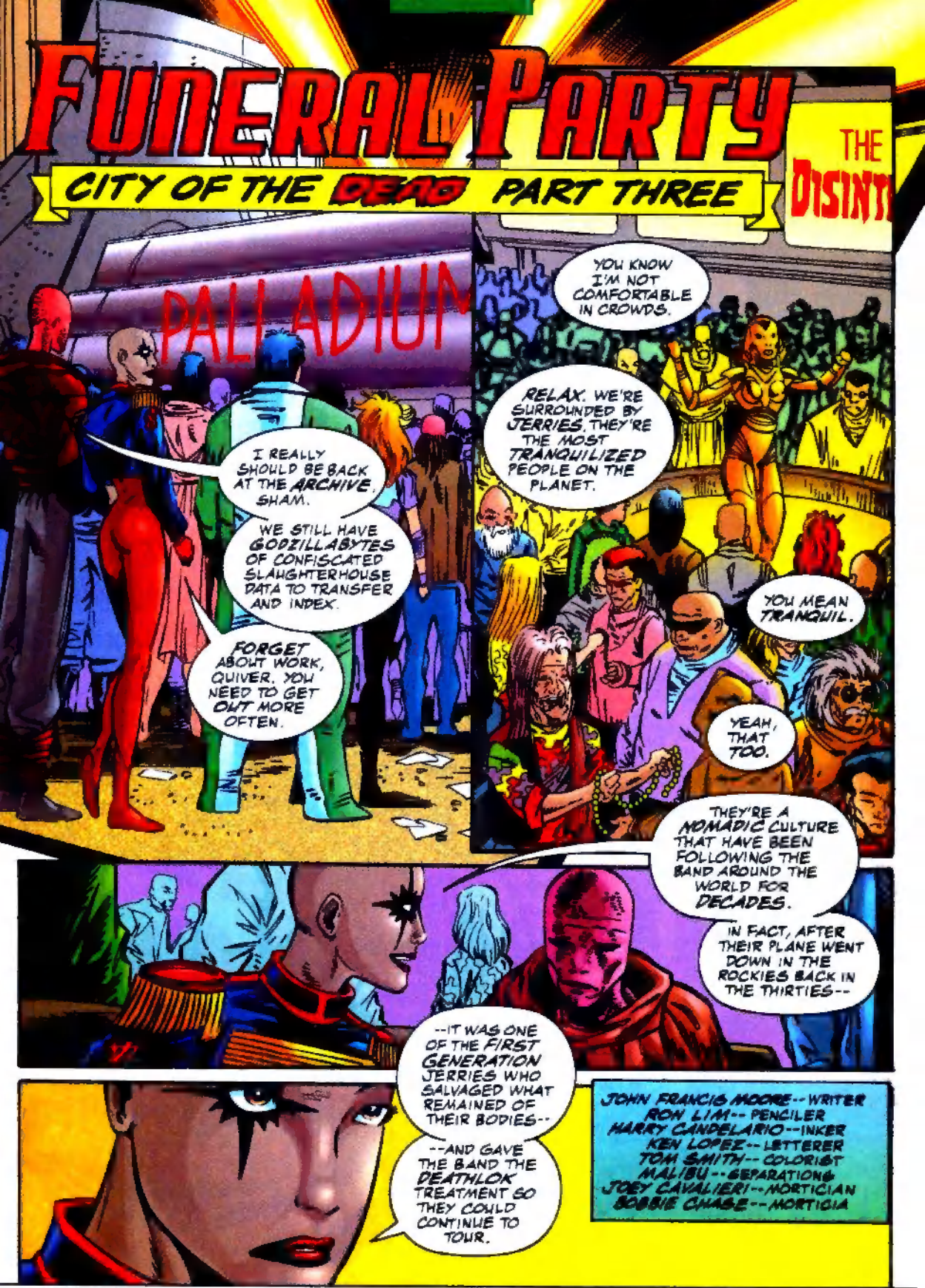
FUNERAL PARTY
CITY OF THE DEAD PART THREE
THE DISINT
PALLADIUM
I REALLY SHOULD BE BACK AT THE ARCHIVE, SHAM.
WE STILL HAVE GODZILLABYTES OF CONFISCATED SLAUGHTERHOUSE DATA TO TRANSFER AND INDEX.
FORGET ABOUT WORK, QUIVER. YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE OFTEN.
YOU KNOW I'M NOT COMFORTABLE IN CROWDS.
RELAX. WE'RE SURROUNDED BY JERRIES. THEY'RE THE MOST TRANQUILIZED PEOPLE ON THE PLANET.
YOU MEAN TRANQUIL.
YEAH, THAT TOO.
THEY'RE A NOMADIC CULTURE THAT HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE BAND AROUND THE WORLD FOR DECADES.
IN FACT, AFTER THEIR PLANE WENT DOWN IN THE ROCKIES BACK IN THE THIRTIES--
--IT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST GENERATION JERRIES WHO SALVAGED WHAT REMAINED OF THEIR BODIES--
--AND GAVE THE BAND THE DEATHLOK TREATMENT SO THEY COULD CONTINUE TO TOUR.
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE--WRITER
RON LIM--PENCILER
HARRY CANDELARIO--INKER
KEN LOPEZ--LETTERER
TOM SMITH--COLORIST
MALIBU--SEPARATIONS
JOEY CAVALIERI--MORTICIAN
BOBBIE CHASE--MORTICIA

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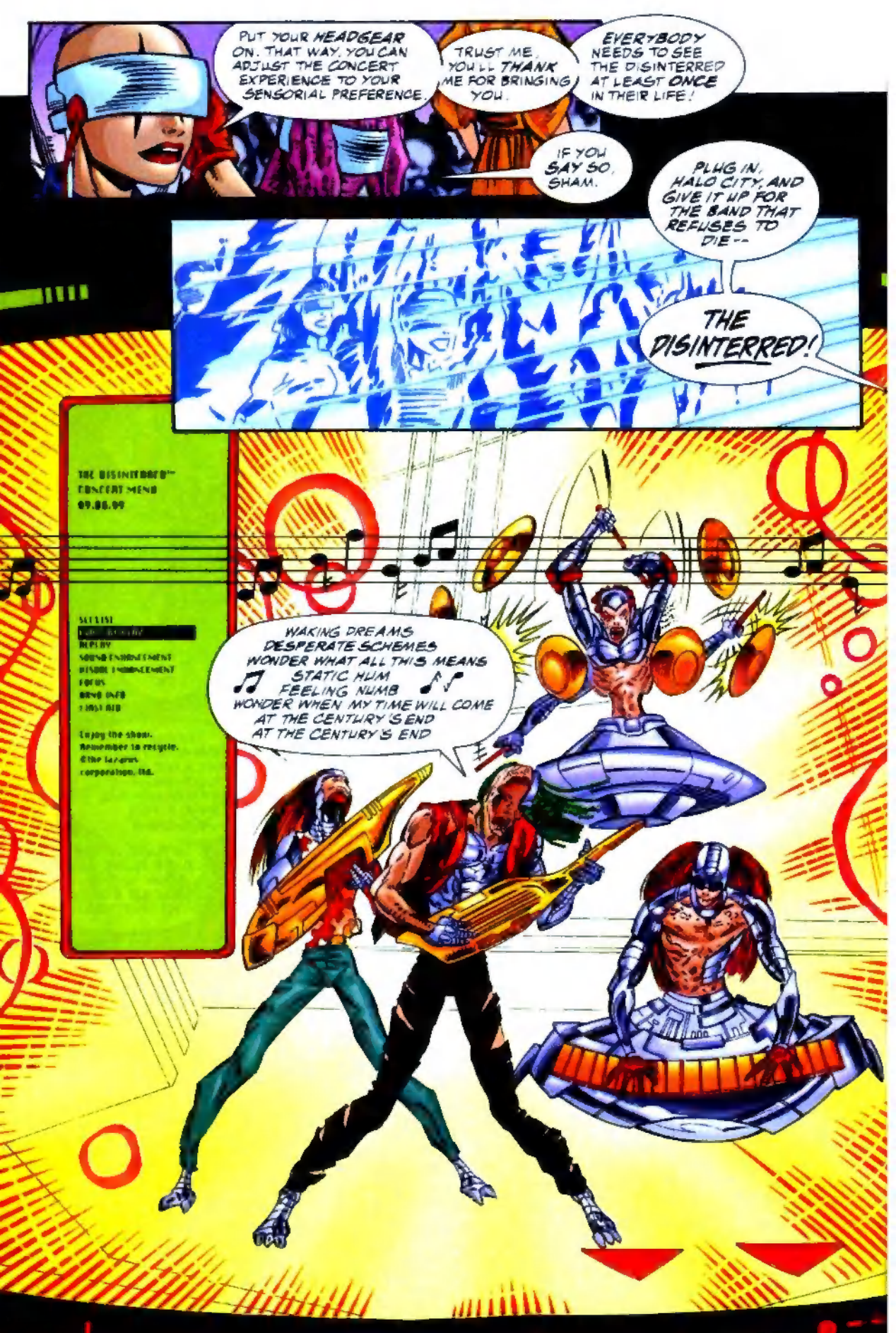
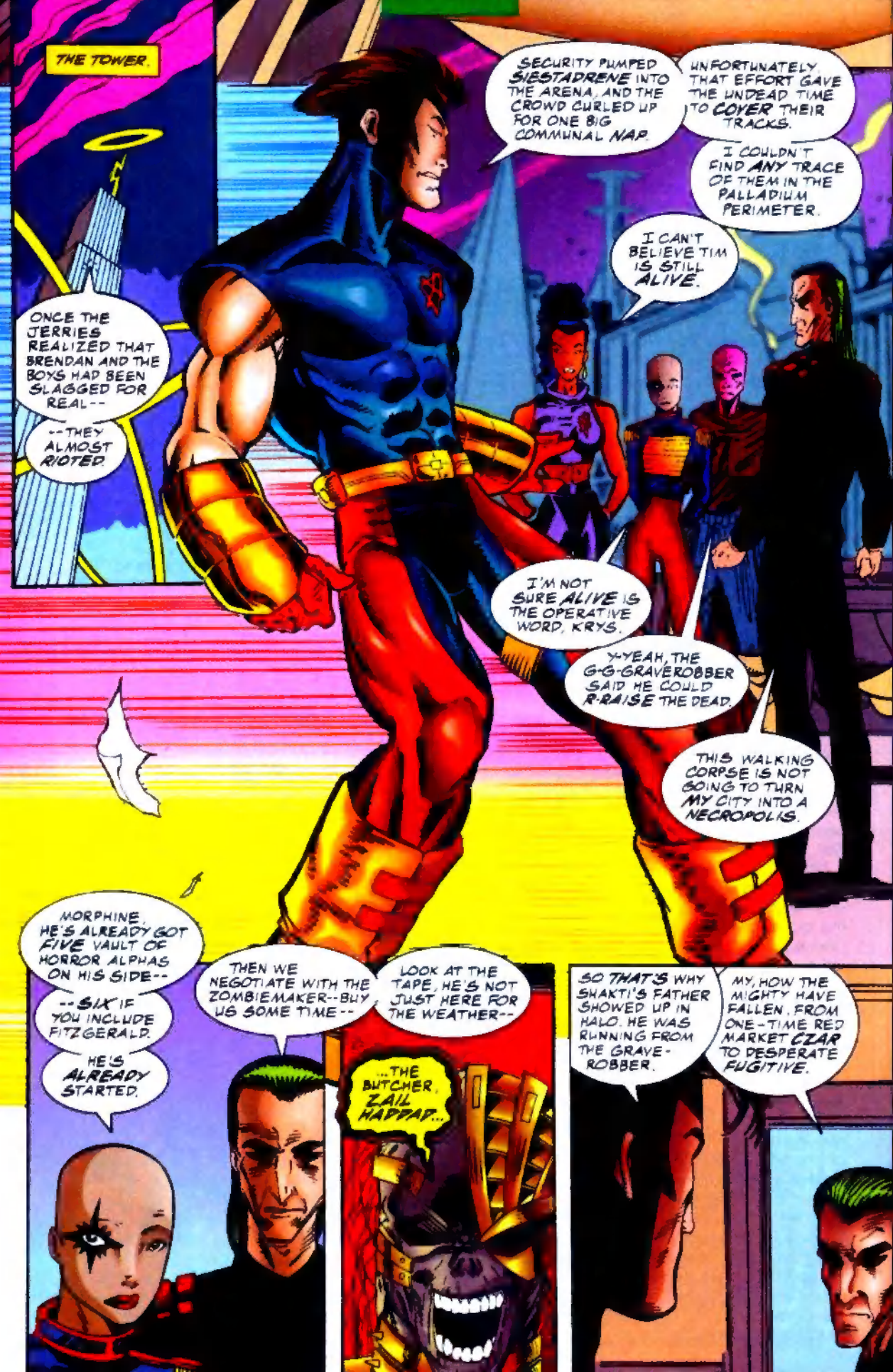

PUT YOUR HEADGEAR ON. THAT WAY, YOU CAN ADJUST THE CONCERT EXPERIENCE TO YOUR SENSORIAL PREFERENCE.
TRUST ME, YOU'LL THANK ME FOR BRINGING YOU.
EVERYBODY NEEDS TO SEE THE DISINTERRED AT LEAST ONCE IN THEIR LIFE!
IF YOU SAY SO, SHAM.
PLUG IN, HALO CITY, AND GIVE IT UP FOR THE BAND THAT REFUSES TO DIE--
THE DISINTERRED!
THE DISINTERRED™
CONCERT MENU
09.06.99
SETLIST
REPLAY
SOUND ENHANCEMENT
VISUAL ENHANCEMENT
EXITS
SAVE DATA
LOAD DATA
Enjoy the show.
Remember to recycle.
©the targrave corporation, ltd.
WAKING DREAMS
DESPERATE SCHEMES
WONDER WHAT ALL THIS MEANS
STATIC HUM
FEELING NUMB
WONDER WHEN MY TIME WILL COME
AT THE CENTURY'S END
AT THE CENTURY'S END

BRZAKK
THUD
IS THIS PART OF THE SHOW?
NO. SOMETHING'S WRONG. THAT WASN'T FEEDBACK--
--AND THOSE GUYS ARE DEFINITELY NOT WITH THE BAND!
THE MUSIC'S OVER, BOYS AND GIRLS.
NOW THE REAL SHOW BEGINS.
THESE REANIMATRONIC RELICS SHOULD'VE BEEN CREMATED DECADES AGO.
YOU KIDS CAN FIGHT OVER THEIR ASHES LATER.

THESE ARE THE MUTANT ZOMBIES THAT AMBUSHED THE X-MEN IN THE ARCADE--
--AND I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--
FITZGERALD'S WITH THEM!
BRZZAKK
IF YOU DO NOT SURRENDER TO CONCERT SECURITY IMMEDIATELY--
--YOU WILL BE SHOCKED INTO SUBMISSION.
ATTENTION, YOUR PRESENCE ON STAGE IS UNAUTHORIZED.
SHOCK THIS, DRONES!
A LITTLE ELECTRICITY CAN'T HURT SOMEONE WHOSE BODY CHANNELS AMBIENT ENERGY.
QUIV', I NEED YOU TO CUT ME A PATH THROUGH THIS CROWD.
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE STAGE BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HURT.
BUT YOU TOLD ME TIMOTHY FITZGERALD DIED LAST NIGHT.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
WHAT'S WITH THE FIREWORKS, FITZGERALD?
YOU'RE ONE OF THE PROTECTORATE, REMEMBER?
I REMEMBER YOU, GIRL... YOU ARE THE ILLUSIONIST... SHAM...
STAY AWAY FROM ME! I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS--
THWEK

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT LEAVIN', Y'ALL.
YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THE MAN WHO MADE ALL THIS CARNAGE POSSIBLE--
--THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT US ALL BACK TO LIFE--
--THE GRAVEROBBER!
CHILDREN OF THE HALO, YOU'VE COME TO THIS CITY SEEKING SANCTUARY AND FREEDOM.
STILL, EVEN HERE, YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOUR OWN MORTALITY.
NO MATTER YOUR WEALTH, YOUR POSITION, OR YOUR POWER--YOU WILL ALL DIE.
UNLESS YOU FOLLOW ME.
MY TOUCH CAN RAISE THE DEAD.

SOON THIS CITY WILL BE PURGED WITH BLOOD.
THOSE LOYAL TO ME NEED NOT FEAR. I OFFER THEM LIFE BEYOND DEATH.
THOSE WHO OPPOSE ME SHALL ROT FOREVER, FOOD FOR MAGGOTS.
THE FIRST TEST OF YOUR LOYALTY IS SIMPLE.
THE BUTCHER ZAIL HADDAD HIDES WITHIN THE CITY, THINKING HIMSELF SAFE FROM MY WRATH.
BRING HIM TO ME WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS--
--OR I DRAIN EVERY OUNCE OF LIFE FROM THIS CITY.
OH SHOCK. HE KILLED THE ENTIRE BAND TO MAKE HIS POINT.
WE BETTER GET TO THE TOWER.
ALLRIGHTEOUS! JERRY HASN'T DONE A THEATRICAL SHOW SINCE '79.
HEY, NURF, HOW COME YOUR BAND AIN'T GETTIN' UP?


THE TOWER.
ONCE THE JERRIES REALIZED THAT BRENDAN AND THE BOYS HAD BEEN SLAGGED FOR REAL--
--THEY ALMOST RIOTED.
SECURITY PUMPED SIESTADRENE INTO THE ARENA, AND THE CROWD CURLED UP FOR ONE BIG COMMUNAL NAP.
UNFORTUNATELY THAT EFFORT GAVE THE UNDEAD TIME TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.
I COULDN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF THEM IN THE PALLADIUM PERIMETER.
I CAN'T BELIEVE TIM IS STILL ALIVE.
I'M NOT SURE ALIVE IS THE OPERATIVE WORD, KRYS.
Y-YEAH, THE G-G-GRAVEROBBER SAID HE COULD R-RAISE THE DEAD.
THIS WALKING CORPSE IS NOT GOING TO TURN MY CITY INTO A NECROPOLIS.
MORPHINE, HE'S ALREADY GOT FIVE VAULT OF HORROR ALPHAS ON HIS SIDE--
--SIX IF YOU INCLUDE FITZGERALD.
HE'S ALREADY STARTED.
THEN WE NEGOTIATE WITH THE ZOMBIEMAKER--BUY US SOME TIME--
LOOK AT THE TAPE, HE'S NOT JUST HERE FOR THE WEATHER--
...THE BUTCHER, ZAIL HADDAD...
SO THAT'S WHY SHAKTI'S FATHER SHOWED UP IN HALO. HE WAS RUNNING FROM THE GRAVE-ROBBER.
MY, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN. FROM ONE-TIME RED MARKET CZAR TO DESPERATE FUGITIVE.

YES, YOU AND THE LATVERIAN DID A THOROUGH JOB OF PUTTING MY LABORATORIES OUT OF BUSINESS, MR. SOMERS.
A LIFETIME'S ENTERPRISE DESTROYED BY THE JACKBOOTED THUGS OF A FOREIGN PRETENDER.
IT WILL TAKE ME YEARS TO RE-ESTABLISH MY PRE-EMINENCE IN THE GENETIC MARKETPLACE.
IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE SHAKTI'S FATHER THAT YOU'RE NOT STRUNG UP BY THE NECK, HADDAD.
YOUR MEN RAIDED POOR NEIGHBORHOODS TO COLLECT THE ORGANS AND TISSUE DONORS YOU SUPPLIED FOR THE BLACK CARD RICH.
NOT IF YOU WANT MY HELP, FATHER.
YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE RED MARKET IS WHY I LEFT HOME TEN YEARS AGO.
I REFUSE TO BE A PART OF THE MEDICAL EXPLOITATION OF HUMAN BEINGS FOR PROFIT.
MY MEDICAL RESEARCH CALLED FOR PRAGMATISM, MR. HUANG.
YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THOSE PEOPLE SERVE NO PURPOSE IN SOCIETY.
YOU ARE A DISAPPOINTMENT, DAUGHTER.
YOU HAD THE POTENTIAL TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST BIOENGINEERS IN THE WORLD.
INSTEAD, YOU HAVE SQUANDERED YOUR TALENT AND INTELLECT OUT OF MISGUIDED SYMPATHY FOR THE GREAT UNWASHED.
I DIDN'T BRING YOU HERE FOR THIS DISCUSSION, FATHER.
TELL US WHO THIS GRAVEROBBER IS, AND WHY HE'S AFTER YOU.
VERY WELL...

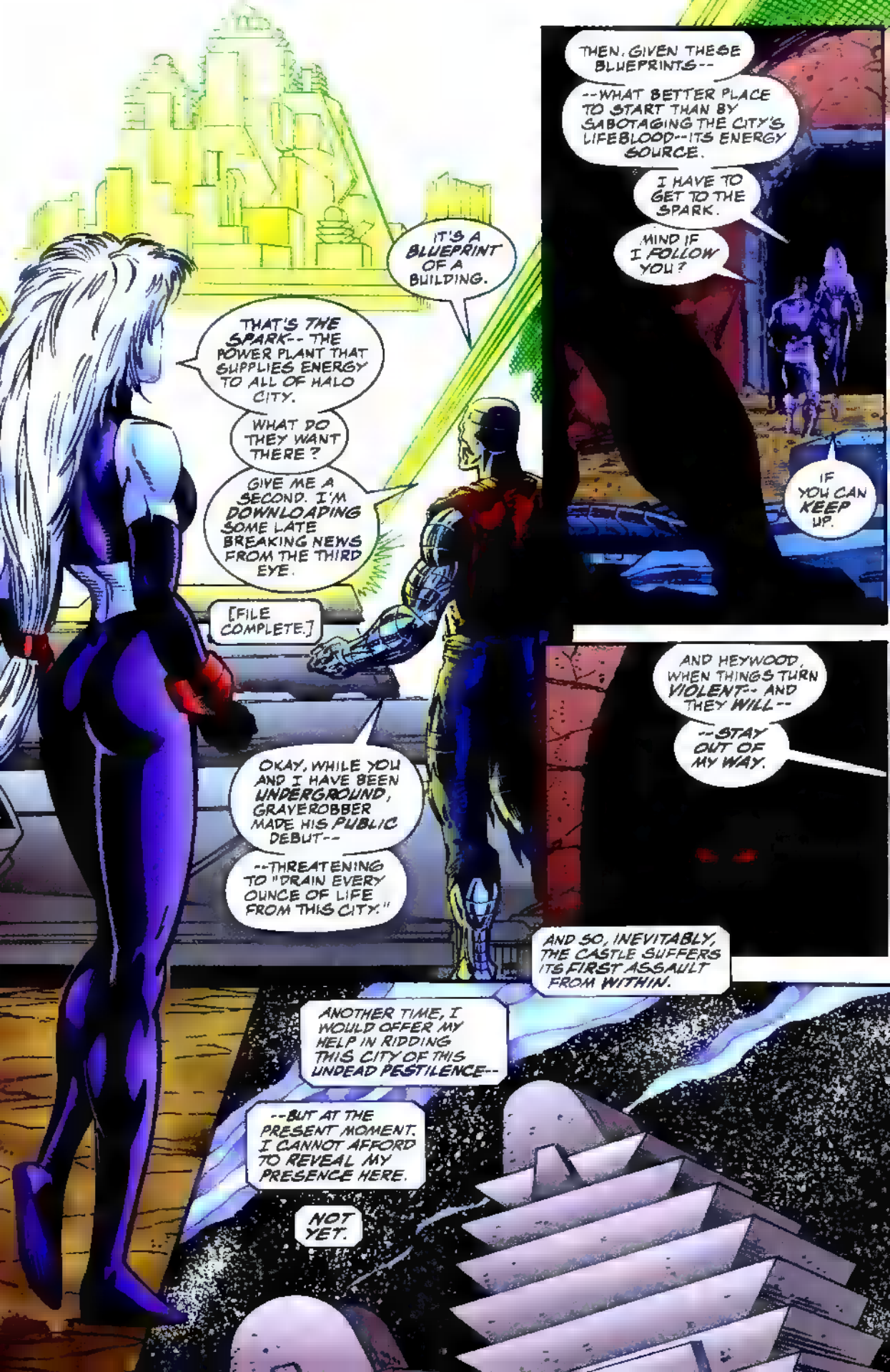
"UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS THERE THAT THE GRAVEROBBER DISCOVERED A QUARTET OF MUTANT CORPSES--
"--PRESERVED IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE, OF COURSE.
"THEY BECAME HIS UNDEAD, HIS SOLDIERS IN HIS VENDETTA AGAINST ME AND MY COMPANY."
AND WERE ANY OF THESE MUTANTS TWENTIETH CENTURY X-MEN?
NO, MR. HUANG, NONE OF THE BODIES IN MY COLLECTION DATE EARLIER THAN 2040--
--BUT ALL WERE ALPHA CLASS MUTANTS, DANGEROUS, AS YOU HAVE LEARNED--
--DEAD OR ALIVE.
AND AFTER DOOM DEEPFROZE YOUR COMPANY, THE GRAVEROBBER FOLLOWED YOU ACROSS COUNTRY?
YES, YOUNG LADY. HE DID EXACTLY THAT.
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US? SYMPATHY?
WHEN I LEARNED THAT SHAKTI HELD A HIGH LEVEL POSITION WITHIN THE HALO CITY GOVERNMENT--
-- I HOPED SHE MIGHT PUT ASIDE OUR PAST DIFFERENCES AND GRANT ME ASYLUM.
WE ARE, AFTER ALL, FAMILY.

BELIEVE ME, I MADE SURE THE LINE WAS SECURE.
AND, BY THE WAY, YOUR KAMIKAZE BRAIN BOMB FAILED.
ALTHOUGH, TO TELL THE TRUTH, IT DID LEAVE ME WITH A LITTLE BIT OF A HEADACHE.
YOUR ALLIANCE WITH DOOM SEALED YOUR FATE FROM THE MOMENT YOU JOINED THIS CABINET.
YOU ARE A DEAD MAN.
YOU'VE SURVIVED THIS LONG ONLY BECAUSE MY ATTENTIONS HAVE BEEN FOCUSED ELSEWHERE, SOMERS.
GIVE THE POLITICAL HARDLINE A REST, TONY. DOOM'S OUT OF OFFICE. LET'S MOVE ON.
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR ARCANE AND FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGY.
SUPPOSE I GAVE YOU THE KEY TO RAISING THE DEAD--
--AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT MEAT PUPPET PROGRAMMING, BUT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT BIBLICAL REVIVAL.
WOULD THAT BE WORTH SETTLING OUR DIFFERENCES?
*LAST ISSUE.-- ME AGAIN
KEEP TALKING, SOMERS. YOU HAVE MY FULL ATTENTION.

LATER.
I'M TELLING YOU, SHAKTI--
THE X-MEN ARE WASTING THEIR TIME COMBING THE CITY FOR THE GRAVEROBBER AND HIS UNDEAD PALS.
IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP WITH THE SEARCH--
--THEN YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME, MORPHINE.
THIS GUY'S NOT JUST SOME DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEE. HE'S SMART. HE KNOWS THE CITY AS WELL AS WE DO.
WE NEED TO DRAW HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN WHERE WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE--
--SO LET'S BAIT THE HOOK.
I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I'M NOT GOING TO ENDANGER MY FATHER'S LIFE.
YOU'RE BEING SENTIMENTAL.
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE--HOW MANY MUTANTS--FELL UNDER THE LASER SCALPEL IN HIS CHOPSHOPS?
YOUR FATHER DOESN'T [illegible] THIS LOYALTY.
LOYALTY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.
EVEN IF HE WEREN'T MY FATHER.
TRADING IN HUMAN LIVES IS NOT THE WAY THE X-MEN OPERATE.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SHAKTI.
WHATEVER.
YOU.
SAY.

ASTRONET/ THIRD EYE SATCOM/ UPLINK RESUME.
Newsflash. I wish I were DEAD.
Instead I'm lying face down in a service tunnel somewhere below Halo City.
I know this body doesn't feel pain in the same way it once did--
--but the napalm bath I took fried my external sensory receptors in a most unpleasant manner.
Trust me, the acrid smell of burnt synthodermis would make me throw up--
--if that were possible anymore.
DON'T MOVE!
Ambushed again. I'm getting too old for this.
WHO ARE YOU?
TELL ME THE TRUTH BECAUSE I'M IN NO MOOD FOR GAMES--
--AND I'LL RIP YOUR HEAD OFF IF I THINK YOU'RE LYING.
LA LUNÁTICA.
Mutant squeeze of the late and recently resurrected Timothy Fitzgerald.
She's strong enough to crush my throat if she wanted to--

-- and I can't afford the repairs.
TAKE IT EASY, CHICA. IT'S ME, GUNNAR.
GUNNAR HEYWOOD? THE REPORTER?
I KNOW I'VE LOOKED BETTER--
--BUT AFTER FORTY YEARS OF RECREATIONAL CHEMICAL INDULGENCE, MY DOCTOR HANDED ME A TERMINAL NOTICE--
-- SO I TRADED IN THE ORIGINAL MODEL FOR A TECHNO-SYNTHETIC UPDATE BASED ON AN ALIEN ROBOT CALLED THE RECORDER.
NOW I'M A WALKING FIELD RECORDER LINKED ROUND THE CLOCK TO INFONET SATELLITE.
TALK ABOUT POINT OF VIEW. I CAN SHOW YOU THE WORLD THROUGH MY EYES.
YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
TIMOTHY WAS HERE.
HIS SCENT IS ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE BEHIND THE STENCH OF ROTTING FLESH, BUT HE WAS HERE.
DID YOU SEE HIM ALIVE, SYNTHEZOID?
NO, BUT BEFORE I WAS BARBECUED, THE UNDEAD'S BIG KAHUNA, THE GRAVE-ROBBER, WAS WORKING SOME SORT OF MOJO TO REVIVE HIM.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT THEY TAKE THE ONE MAN WHO MEANS SOMETHING TO ME--
--BUT MUST THEY DESECRATE THE BODY AS WELL?
RESURRECTION SEEMS TO BE THE GRAVEROBBER'S PRIMARY WAY OF MAKING FRIENDS.
HMMM... WHAT'S THIS?


IT'S A BLUEPRINT OF A BUILDING.
THAT'S THE SPARK-- THE POWER PLANT THAT SUPPLIES ENERGY TO ALL OF HALO CITY.
WHAT DO THEY WANT THERE?
GIVE ME A SECOND. I'M DOWNLOADING SOME LATE BREAKING NEWS FROM THE THIRD EYE.
[FILE COMPLETE.]
OKAY, WHILE YOU AND I HAVE BEEN UNDERGROUND, GRAVEROBBER MADE HIS PUBLIC DEBUT--
--THREATENING TO "DRAIN EVERY OUNCE OF LIFE FROM THIS CITY."
THEN, GIVEN THESE BLUEPRINTS--
--WHAT BETTER PLACE TO START THAN BY SABOTAGING THE CITY'S LIFEBLOOD--ITS ENERGY SOURCE.
I HAVE TO GET TO THE SPARK.
MIND IF I FOLLOW YOU?
IF YOU CAN KEEP UP.
AND HEYWOOD, WHEN THINGS TURN VIOLENT-- AND THEY WILL--
--STAY OUT OF MY WAY.
AND SO, INEVITABLY, THE CASTLE SUFFERS ITS FIRST ASSAULT FROM WITHIN.
ANOTHER TIME, I WOULD OFFER MY HELP IN RIDDING THIS CITY OF THIS UNDEAD PESTILENCE--
--BUT AT THE PRESENT MOMENT, I CANNOT AFFORD TO REVEAL MY PRESENCE HERE.
NOT YET.

STOP.. DON'T HURT HIM.
LOOKS LIKE 'TINA'S STILL WRESTLIN' WITH FEELIN'S FROM HER PAST LIFE.
LET IT GO, LI'L SISTER, AIN'T NO USE HANGIN' ONTO YESTERDAY.
THE GRAVE-ROBBER CALLS THE SHOTS.
The schematics the Undead left behind led us straight to the Spark's underground access
I give thanks for this body. I could never have kept up with La Lunatica in my old one.
OKAY, HEYWOOD, THIS IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY.
YOUR TECHNO-SYNTHETIC BUTT'S ON ITS OWN.
CAN YOU FEEL ME TAKING BACK THE LIFE I GAVE YOU, FITZGERALD?
CAN YOU FEEL YOUR BODY GOING WEAK...COLD... EMPTY...?
Y-Y-YES...
THEN I'VE MADE MY POINT.
WITHOUT ME YOU WOULD BE NOTHING BUT A DECOMPOSING CORPSE.
I OWN YOU.
GET AWAY FROM MY MAN!
LUNA?
Guess it's true what they say--
--some animals mate for life.

Luna learned to fight in the Theatre of Pain's SPLATTERPITS--
--so watching the Grave-robber swat her away with so little effort is FRIGHTENING.
GIRL, YOU'RE NOT WORTH MY TIME.
I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO FITZGERALD.
I WOULDN'T TAKE BETS ON THAT. YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED.
BACK IN N'ORLEANS, MY FATHER ALWAYS TOL' ME NEVER GET TOO CLOSE T'ANYONE.
MAKES YOU DO FOOL-HEADED THINGS--LIKE RUSHIN' INTO A FIGHT YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE.
EMBER'S GONNA BURN YOU.
THE RUSSIAN'S GONNA CRUSH YOU.
CATSCRATCH'S GONNA SKIN YOU ALIVE.
GRRRR...
AND I'M GONNA DEAL YOU THE WORST HAND OF YOUR LIFE.
This I don't want to watch...
...but I have to. It's my JOB.
STAND BY ME, MY LOVE.
YOU'RE NOT DEAD. YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM.
YOU'RE WRONG. I'M SORRY...

His rejection STINGS--
--and the Russian takes advantage of her momentary DISTRACTION.
NO.
FWUMP
He hits her with a PILEDRIVER punch that could level BUILDINGS. She FLATTENS.
YOU WANT US TO LEAVE THE BODY UNDAMAGED FOR RESURRECTION?
YES. SHE WILL MAKE A FINE ADDITION TO OUR RANKS.
IT'S TIME, FITZGERALD...
WE HAVE ALREADY DISABLED THE SPARK'S BACK-UP GENERATORS--
NOW, LET'S PLUNGE HALO CITY INTO DARKNESS.

BRING ON THE NIGHT!
THIS IS UNEXPECTED, MR. SOMERS. I DID NOT EXPECT VISITORS.
SHOULDN'T YOU BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BLACKOUT?
THIS BLACKOUT IS THE GRAVE ROBBER'S DOING.
THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO GIFTWRAP YOU FOR HIM BEFORE THE CHAOS ESCALATES ANY FURTHER.
I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND. I CAN'T HAVE SOME CYBORG UPSTART UNDERMINING MY AUTHORITY.
NO! YOU'RE NOT GIVING ME TO THAT PSYCHO-PATH.
SHAKTI WOULD NEVER APPROVE THIS. I DEMAND TO SEE MY DAUGHTER.
YOU'RE FORTUNATE THAT THERE'S A PART OF SHAKTI THAT STILL CARES ABOUT YOU.
IT'S MORE THAN YOU DESERVE.
TOO BAD SHAKTI DOESN'T RUN THE CITY, AND I DO.
LET'S GO.
NEXT
DEAD ENDS